

GREED 931

Chapter 931 The Terror Of Ragnarok.

The last charm is the body armor charm created with an earthen armor spell. It creates a thick layer of earth around its users that can protect them from physical blows and adverse physical conditions.

Speed is reduced but this body armor charm lasts until it is destroyed as opposed to the temporary protective charm. An Alpha has used it to survive the anger of a pack leader before. That was the moment that his name began to terrorize the mountain range.

All four of his blessings are very powerful since he is a Mana entity so it is like a cheat for vitality core stage refiners to have. So they are very popular. They are also very rare and precious since he is the only one capable of making them.

Many Omegas want to learn from him and many park leaders think about him and dread the day they will have to fight the iron fur pack. His blessings make it so that an Alpha can contend with a pack leader for a short while or decimate other Alphas. They also make Sauron a tiger that has grown wings.

His charms and blessings are not free. They each cost a single offering. It is very cheap considering their power but he makes up for it by making the charms temporary. That means that the Warriors keep coming back for more. They use the charms for more than fighting and hunting.

The charms have increased the survivability of the Warrogs and helped them to clear out previously uninhabitable locations. It is why the Warrogs are already all over the mountain range.

Dangerous heights, unstable footholds, and fragile ice grounds have stopped being a barrier to expansion. It allowed the population of the park to expand and also increased the demand for his charms.

The Warrogs of Tesrat's squad approached him one by one for their blessings. They remained bowed as they approached him. He is already much taller than them without them bowing. Lowering their heads has made them much smaller to him. Fortunately, he is sitting while attending to them so he doesn't need to bend to put his hands on them.

He healed the first one with the broken arm. The injured Beta can heal it on its own but it will take time. She will lose her strength and the amount of prey that she can get in that period of time. Her injury will make her become a burden on her squad since they have to take care of her during that time.

But a healing spell is quick and cheap so they came to him for it. By making healing cheap, it has become accessible to everyone so even the weak nameless which are the bulk of the population of the park can afford to pay him for his services. That way, he uses the entire manpower of the tribe to hunt for him.

Then he gave each of them their charms. He did so by drawing a remnant of a warrior from the totem pillar and fixing it on the warrior's fur. Then he infused the remnant with his spiritual energy in the specific structure of the spell that he is casting. The spell became infused in the remnant and can be activated with a thought by the warrior.

All it costs for him to bestow a blessing is his spiritual energy which he has a lot of because of his powerful soul. The remnant of the warrior is not even used up. It returns to the totem pillar after the spell it holds is used up. All he does is cast the spell and receive an offering for each cast. It is a massively profitable business for him.

He didn't teach the Shamans that came to him to learn. They came with what they considered precious knowledge and information but he doesn't care about those. He doesn't even value the spells and they were effectively created by an Origin god. What can they possibly produce in this stunted environment that can impress him?

The only thing he cares about right now is that he has a monopoly. He aims to keep things that way. Virtually nothing the Warrogs can give him can convince him otherwise.

Tesraly said to him after he was done. "Thank you for the blessings, Shaman Ragnarok. We will leave now. Have a nice day."

"You too. Good hunting."

"Good hunting." She said and bowed again before she left with her squad.

They left with 2 offerings since he reduced how much they had to pay by 2. He became alone in the shelter after she left. So he turned his attention towards the pile of offerings. The red horn on his head glowed bright red. Then it turned to dust. The red dust blew around him with the wind. It formed a trail of red dust in the air.

The red dust rotated idly around in the air but his body was already reacting to the release of his slaughter anchor. The red tattoos on his body turned to dust too. They joined the trail of red dust in the air. The red dust trail has become a small cloud of red dust now.

Then he redirected it towards the pile of offerings. The red cloud moved swiftly and pounced on the dead bodies. They consumed the offering down to the bone. Even the bones disappeared too after a while.

The red cloud became bigger after extracting the death essence from the offering. He made it return to his body. The red cloud swarmed him but didn't consume him. They turned into the numerous red tattoos on his body. His red horn has also reappeared in its rightful place.

The whole red cloud is something that all Omegas have. It is the activated manifestation of the power tattoos. An Omega gains strength from the dead and from killing. They use a part of their body as the anchor for the power that they gain from killing.

Chapter 932 Hard Work And Diligence.

This anchor is the point of connection between the Omega and the essence of death that they take. The anchor also prevents the Omega from being overwhelmed by the death essence. He used one of his horns because it is a manifestation of his divine ability. The horn contains some law fragments of the law of Slaughter so it is a very good anchor for the death essence.

The law of Slaughter is the orthodox law that empowers through killing. So using his horn allowed the efficient extraction of death essence. In other words, he gets more power from each dead thing. It goes well with the fact that he doesn't have a limit on the amount of death essence that he can handle.

He felt the changes to his body and commented silently, "It added less than 0.5% boost."

He shook his head. "It is too little. But little at a time makes big."

Then he looked in the direction of the totem. "Of course, big at a time is always best. Saving little at a time cannot compare to stealing someone else's savings."

He has his eyes on the totem. Other shamans improve their capacity for death essence by using the amplification of the remnants of warriors within the totem pillar. The bond with a totem pillar strengthens their souls and their anchor but he doesn't need that.

In fact, he wants to convert the entire remnants in the totem into death essence and use the whole totem to strengthen himself directly. He is sure he can handle it just as he is sure that Sauron will want his head if he tampers with the totem.

Omegas gain death essence from any dead thing. It can be what they killed or what someone else kills. It is always best to be what they killed personally and the extraction should be done immediately after death.

But Omegas have limited power and time. It is more efficient to use the entire manpower of a pack to hunt for you. That's why he blesses the pack in exchange for offerings. It is even better to use the thousands of years of accumulation of several packs contained within a totem pillar to make death essence. Unfortunately, that is a no-go for him as of now.

He chuckled to himself. "I will do it or my name isn't Ragnarok."

Other shamans can't do this because they are not strong enough to pull out the remnants from the totem for their use. They also don't have the capacity to take advantage of the large amount of remnants in the totem even if they can. He can but he wants to make sure that the boost he gets from it will make him strong enough to handle Sauron if he does it. Because there is no going back once it is done.

As for now, his stats are like this.

NAME: RAGNAROK (Legion-6)

RACE: WARROG

BLOODLINE: Unknown Royal bloodline.

TITLE: CHILD OF THE VIRUT PLANE.

POWER LEVEL (BODY): Mana Body (98% Conversion)

POWER LEVEL (SOUL): Soul Reformation (Complete)

PHYSIQUE: Body of law(Incomplete)

HP: 100%

STAMINA: 100%

ENERGY LEVEL (BODY): Mana

ENERGY LEVEL (SOUL): Spiritual Energy

VITALITY: 2072

ENDURANCE: 1934

STRENGTH: 1792

AGILITY: 2102

POWER (DEATH ESSENCE): 2,660%

PERCEPTION: 1,000,000,000

SPIRIT: 2000

LIMITER (BODY): 70%

LIMITER (SOUL): 0.000001%

DIVINE SENSE (GRADE): 100(B)

OTHERS

MANA AFFINITY: 55%

LAW AFFINITY: 50%

ELEMENTAL AFFINITY (GRADE): LIFE (DIVINE), DEVOUR (DIVINE), SLAUGHTER (DIVINE).

STATUS: Healthy

The normal limit for Mana entities is 1,000 stats. He has broken that limit a long time ago. His Mana affinity increased from 35% to 55% because of his breakthrough into Mana entity. His spirit was also able to expand to twice the normal level because of his strong body. But the most important change to him as a Mana entity is the new POWER stat. It is a stat that is limited to only paragons.

It is the representation of the amplification that they possess due to their connections. This amplification is in the percentage and it can be used on any one stat at any point in time. His stat is from death essence so it can't be used to boost his Vitality and to improve his spirit.

Death essence can't heal wounds so it can't be used to speed up his Vitality. His spirit is also required to control and restrain death essence so that he is not consumed by it. So his spirit is exempted from the amplification too.

These limitations are only applied to him and other Omegas. Alphas and Alpha of Alphas don't have these limitations. They get their POWER boost from the living so their boost can amplify every stat that they have.

He sighed and said to himself. "I have more work to do."

Then he called to the acolyte waiting outside. "Bring in more people."

There are always more people who want his blessings. They form a long line of people waiting along the path that leads up to his abode from the foot of the mountain to the peak. Each person has at least one offering for him.

It is a constant and steady supply of prey and power for himself. He has acquired a 2,660% boost because of his efforts these past few years. He only stops occasionally during the day to take breaks.

The breaks are for him to rest and recover his spiritual energy. He doesn't actually need the breaks. Spiritual energy is a low-level type of soul energy. The rate at which his soul regenerates it is faster than he can use it. So he doesn't need breaks. But it will be odd to others if he is constantly making blessings without taking any breaks.

The acolyte brought in the next batch of people and he blessed them. This went on throughout the day and even into the night. He doesn't need to sleep so he doesn't close for the night. It is not suspicious for a Mana entity to not sleep so he gets away with it. He has worked constantly like this for decades accumulating strength.

Chapter 933 Omega Vs Alpha.

A 2,660% boost is something that other Omegas will be proud of. They will marvel that he managed to acquire this much in his lifetime. They might just lose their minds if they know that he accomplished this much in less than 100 years.

Their reaction will be understandable. After all, even with his 81% death essence extraction efficiency, which is very high, he had to extract death essence from approximately 5,000,000 animals. He couldn't have killed that much on his own even if he was killing at all times. That's the advantage of having a pack working for you.

As for other Omegas with lesser extraction efficiency, they will need to kill above 8,000,000 for them to achieve what he has. They can't achieve it because most of them don't have a large pack to rely on. It will be a miracle if they achieve what he has achieved in their lifetime of 200 years.

His arrangement also brings with it several disadvantages. The major disadvantage is the reduction in death essence that he gets from the offering because he didn't directly kill the animals himself.

Then there is the further reduction due to the delay in the extraction of death essence. Those he blesses have to wait hours before meeting him and their offering will be long dead even before they bring it to him. This reduced the efficiency of his extraction of death essence to 53.2%.

The third factor that limits how much power he gets from the offering is their strength. The offerings are at best at the Vitality core stage. He is a Mana entity so their death essence is less useful to him. Mana entities are rare around here so it wouldn't do if he went to kill on his own.

All of this reduces the boost he gets from the offerings but it is much better than him hunting himself. Even if he hunts on his own and extracts with the highest efficiency of 81%, he will need to kill 3,280,000 animals to achieve what he has currently achieved.

That is not efficient at all. Plus he would have drawn the attention of the overlords of the plane if he was responsible for so many deaths. He didn't do that. He stayed low and worked diligently. His reward for bus diligence is that he can strengthen a single stat to 26 times its original power. That is a tremendous boost. But it isn't enough for him.

He is a greedy person. Nothing will be enough for him if he can get more and get away with getting more. But the major reason why his current achievement is not enough for him showed up when it was nightfall.

He was attending to someone when he felt a tornado of Mana rushing towards him. It brought an ominous feeling as if a disaster is about to strike or that a storm is brewing. He wasn't alarmed by the

feeling. He has felt it occasionally so he is familiar with it. He calmly finished with the person he is blessing. Then he left his shelter to see his visitor.

He found the pack leader standing at the edge of his peak overlooking the tribe. His brown fur ruffled silently in the wind. Ragnarok can see that the wind is not ordinary. It is a cyclone of Mana surrounding the pack leader.

Sauron had his arms folded on his chest like a war god. He is as tall as ever but he hasn't grown taller over the years. So he and Ragnarok are about the same height now. Ragnarok is not intimidated because of his height anymore but he is still wary of Sauron. Sauron hasn't grown taller but he has grown much stronger over the years.

Ragnarok approached him calmly. He greeted him, "Welcome to my abode, Pack Leader."

He didn't bow in greeting to Sauron. Sauron is much stronger than him for sure. The pack leader has a power boost of at least 10,000% so he can improve a stat by 100 times. That is more than Ragnarok's boost and his base stat, but that doesn't mean he has to bow. Technically, they are equals in the hierarchy so there's no need for a show of deference between them.

Sauron turned to him and smiled. "My wonderful shaman. You're my lucky star. Have I ever told you that?"

"Yes. You say that every time we meet." He replied.

Sauron nodded. "Yes. I believe that what's important has to be said repeatedly."

"I am honored by the high praise."

Sauron shook his head. "You deserve it. Today's easy victory is mostly due to you. The Grizzly Claw pack surrendered very early into the fight. My warriors are stronger than theirs and it became pretty obvious quickly that they would lose if they continued to fight and they would lose badly."

Ragnarok remained modest. "I am glad to hear that. I was only doing what's best for the pack."

"Do you know that I didn't lose a single warrior today? There were some wounded but I didn't lose a single life. Instead, I gained an entire pack for myself without a single loss. This is all thanks to you." Sauron laughed merrily at his success.

Ragnarok on the other hand remained stoic. "I was just doing my job. But I appreciate that my efforts have been noticed."

He was doing his job and it was for his own benefit too. It wouldn't do for his hunting manpower to be reduced. A fall in the power of the pack means a reduction in the offering brought to him. That is a very important reason to see that the pack prospers. But it still left a bad taste on his tongue.

His blessings have had a tremendous effect on the iron fur pack. The warriors became stronger and the life expectancy of the nameless grew. The birth rate increased exponentially and the death rate fell precipitously. There was no limit to population expansion for the pack because the environment became easy to subdue and overcome.

All of this worked to strengthen both Ragnarok and Sauron over the years. What's worse is that Sauron got a larger boost from it than him. A 10,000% boost is what an Alpha of Alphas gets from a pack that is reaching a million in number.

Chapter 934 Iron Nail Vs Iron Fur.

That's the advantage of the path of the Alphas. It is their reward for the duty of building a settlement for their people and growing the population. As for Omegas, their path is the killing path. Instead of killing and going on a rampage, he has helped Sauron build his pack. It is the best decision for him but it helped Sauron more than him so it feels like he is working for someone else.

"This sucks." He thought to himself.

He wants to go on a rampage. His inner beast wants it too but he knows that he shouldn't. He is not a fool. Sauron is already powerful like this. If Sauron had his full divine ability then he would be able to break his limit and become much stronger. That means Sauron will go on a rampage. He will begin to kill pack leaders wantonly because it is prey at his level that will strengthen him the most.

That will in turn raise a red flag which will bring the might of the wood elves if noticed. These are the same wood elves that cursed the Warrogs in the first place. Drawing their attention won't end well.

The rules of war and engagement were not initiated by Warrogs. Normal Warrogs are violent. They kill what they defeat. But the wood elves crippled them and also gave them rules that they must abide by. Breaking the rules is an indication that someone is becoming violent and needs to be put down.

So if he doesn't control his impulse and his yearning for quick strength then he will draw unwanted attention to himself. So he has to suck it up that he helped Sauron to grow stronger more than he helped himself.

Sauron remained oblivious to his inner thoughts. The pack leader continued speaking but in a more serious tone. "Things have been good for the Iron Fur pack but that ends soon. The next step will be too much to overcome."

Ragnarok felt the change in the demeanor of the park leader. He asked carefully, "Do you mean the allegiance of the Iron Nail pack?"

"Yes. The Iron Nail pack is trouble. But that isn't the only problem that I am facing currently. Even if I defeat the Iron Nail pack, what do I do next? Am I to die as an Alpha of Alphas? I will be dying as a glorious one but is that all I am to amount to?" Sauron asked.

Ragnarok himself sighed. He doesn't have an answer to Sauron's question. The Iron Nail pack is the last remaining large-scale pack left on the mountain range. It isn't an ordinary pack. All the pack leaders that Sauron has defeated over the years came together to form an alliance. Park Leaders rarely cooperate because the boost of the park will be shared among the park leaders based on their control and influence.

Such an arrangement causes a lot of problems in the hierarchy and leadership of the park. It rarely works. But Sauron's existence has pushed them that far. A worthy threat has brought those defeated park leaders together.

The other choice is to start anew with a few close friends and families somewhere on the outskirts of the mountain range. They will struggle just to survive. Then Sauron will come and annex them when

they get big enough. So they decided to band together now when they still have a meager chance against him.

Each park leader is not a threat to Sauron individually. After all, he defeated them in the past and they have only become weaker now. But the Iron Nail have quantity on their side. They have more pack leaders in their pack. It is obvious that they came together because of Sauron. They even renamed the pack to Iron Nail. Because an Iron Nail is much harder than iron fur. They are hoping their Iron Nail will pierce the Iron Fur.

Sauron will not be able to fend all of the pack leaders off in case of conflict. There are more than 10 of them. 5 of them or even 7 can stall Sauron while the others decimate his warriors. So Sauron has to be very ready to make serious losses if he wants to overcome the Iron Nail pack.

The Iron Nail pack will be very challenging for Sauron to take. At any other time, he will be very excited about the challenge and will be looking forward to victory. But he sees nothing for him after the Iron Nail pack is defeated so he is depressed. Only death awaits him after overcoming the Iron Nail pack.

Sauron is a very ambitious Warrog. He wishes to conquer the entire Mountain range. That is something his father or anyone before him has never done, but that isn't enough for him. He wants to take a step further and become a transcendent. But he can't do that because any Warrog that manages to become a transcendent will be hunted and killed by the wood elves. It has happened every time.

The surveillance and investigative methods of the wood elves are unfailing. Any park leader who breaks the rules of warfare several times or who tries to become the next Emperor is killed without fail.

So Sauron has a tough decision ahead of him. This decision doesn't have anything to do with the Iron Nail pack. It is whether to become a transcendent or not.

He might die trying to become a transcendent. If he dies, then all his hard work would have been for nothing. If he becomes a transcendent, then the resistance of the Iron Fur pack becomes inconsequential. He will be able to defeat them easily. But what next then? How is he to resist the might of an entire race that is much stronger than his?

That is the conundrum in his heart. He is about to achieve something that no Alpha of Alpha has done. He will soon become the ruler of the whole mountain range. But several Alpha of Alphas have become

transcendents before him and none of them have ever survived. If they have, then they are nowhere to be seen.

Chapter 935 Another Test Subject.

Sauron did not come tonight for a blessing. He came to talk to Ragnarok about the issue of transcendence. He finds his chief Shaman to be very talented, intelligent, and full of ideas. Maybe Ragnarok can give him advice about what to do.

As for Ragnarok. He avoided the earnest and expectant look that Sauron was giving him. Even he doesn't know how he will pull it off. He can't leave the plane to seek a better situation in the ancient battlefield.

If he is right, then the Lumen plane has been surrounded and barricaded by a demon God. If that is so, then there's no going in or out of the plane. Even if that were possible, no clone of Legion would come here because of the presence of a demon god. This plane is trouble. There is no use sacrificing the whole to save the one. So he is alone.

Then there is the surveillance of the wood elves. His only guess about how to avoid the wood elves right now is the Underdark. If he can overcome the terrifying danger in the Underdark, maybe he will be able to hide from the constant gaze on him and the supervision of the wood elves.

But he doesn't know what the danger in the Underdark is yet, so he doesn't have an inkling how to overcome it. The only other option is to wait for a moment that the wood elves are preoccupied with the demon God and take advantage of that to hide.

"What do you think I should do?" Sauron asked him.

"Your only option is to come to a sort of agreement with the tree people. Everyone wants something. You just have to find out what they want and they might give you what you want in exchange for it." He replied.

He doesn't have any good ideas. But that doesn't mean that he can't give bad ideas to Sauron. Even if he has good ideas, he will keep them to himself. There's no way he will give up the opportunity to use Sauron for an experiment on how to avoid the wood elves.

"That's a good idea." Sauron brightened when he heard the advice. Then his face fell when he thought about it. "But that will need me to leave my pack and the mountain range."

The tree people don't come in contact with the Warrogs unless the Warrogs have done something wrong. The tree people will then come to deliver punishment. So if Sauron wants to meet them, he either has to do something wrong or leave the mountain range to meet them. He can't take his pack with him if he leaves the mountain range. At least not the entirety of it.

He can take his warriors at most but the bulk of his population and his strength are the nameless. Someone else can take over the population he leaves behind and cut off most of his strength. That will leave him weakened and vulnerable. That is not a good state to be in right now considering that he has a lot of enemies.

That is the problem or disadvantage of the path of Alphas. They are bound to their people so they cannot leave them. Only Omegas can move around unrestrained and unweakened. Alphas have been shackled by their source of power.

Sauron was contemplating his situation when he noticed something abnormal. He sensed that an evil entity had entered his territory. It is a powerful entity too. His gaze locked onto the direction he felt the threat. It is at the entrance of a valley between two mountains. It is the previous location of the now-destroyed Sharp Tooth pack.

"I have to go now." He said to Ragnarok before he flew into the air.

"What's the matter?" Ragnarok asked in confusion.

"Someone is attacking the park," Sauron replied with a cold gaze and an even colder voice as he sped off.

Ragnarok watched Sauron fly off. Then the look of confusion on his face turned into a frown. He had noticed the strange entity before Sauron did. It was a combination of his intuition and his strong perception. The entity is a threat to him. That's why his intuition picked up the danger way before his divine sense did.

What's more, is that he sensed something evil and familiar from the entity. What he sensed made him frown.

"This can't be good." He muttered.

He looked up at the sky. It is currently night time and the plane is darker than usual. There is a blood-red moon glowing proudly in the sky. There is a demonic influence permeating the plane from the blood-red moon. This influence is also coming from the direction of the strange entity that has encroached on the territory of the Iron Fur pack.

Ragnarok's mind began to work on overdrive to figure out the situation. What he came up with was not good. The situation is not promising at all.

"I'll know what it is when I see who it is." He said.

Then he took to the sky and flew in the direction of the upcoming conflict. He soon reached the valley. He stopped on top of a mountain beside it and watched the events transpiring below.

Sauron is in front of the wall blocking the valley. He is in the air looking down on the intruder. As for the intruder, he or she is cloaked in a black robe. Only their eyes are visible. The eyes that they revealed are red. They shine brightly under the darkness of the hood.

Ragnarok's eyes narrowed when he saw the intruder. He exclaimed, "A true nightwalker. It is a goddamned true nightwalker. This explains a lot."

He looked up at the moon again. Then he shook his head and said. "I am so screwed."

What he sensed earlier was the aura of blood and death associated with vampires. But he was wrong. The intruder is not some ordinary vampire. It is a true vampire or what others call an ancestral vampire or a true nightwalker. It is the immortal origin of vampires. It is a primogenitor that can only be created by the demon God of Carnage.

Chapter 936 Xigger.

That means the demon god blocking the sun is the demon God of Carnage. It is either that or there is another demon God at play here. Either way, he is screwed. It doesn't matter if there is one or two demon gods. One is more than good enough to squash him. It is like an ant worrying about the number of mountains falling on it. That worry is meaningless.

He examined the aura of the intruder closely and discovered something strange. "It is weak. It is just a transcendent. It must be a new ancestral vampire."

A transcendent is a threat to him but it doesn't change the fact that this ancestral vampire is very weak. The weakest power of an ancestral vampire is transcendence. Even the tree father can create several transcentents to serve him. That doesn't mean that the potential power of the plant spirits created by the tree father is the same as that of an ancestral vampire.

Ancestral vampires can reach Origin god or demon king level on their own while the tree plants can only borrow the strength of the tree father to go beyond the level of transcendence.

What's more, ancestral vampires can create more of themselves. And they are also immortal. So this weak ancestral vampire must be relatively new for it to be so weak. Probably not more than 10 years old. Vampires get stronger the older they get and the more prey they feed on.

He said to himself, "There is hope. But it depends on the attitude of the ancestral Vampire."

The face-off between the intruder and the pack leader continued.

Sauron yelled at the intruder. "Identify yourself. You're on the territory of the iron fur pack and you're not welcomed."

He can also sense that the intruder is a transcendent but he isn't cowered. He is the pack leader so he must uphold the authority that comes with his position.

The intruder laughed. "Have you forgotten me, Sauron?"

That response confused Sauron. He smelled the intruder again and sensed nothing familiar about him or her. He can't even sense anything apart from blood and death. He racked his brain for when he might have met this person but he can't remember.

"Do I know you? Who are you?" Sauron asked.

The intruder replied. "I am count Xigger. You can call me Emperor Xigger."

Sauron became shocked when he heard that name. He doesn't recognize this person but he certainly knows that name. His suspicion was confirmed when the intruder removed the cloak over their head. A hornless Warrog was revealed.

Sauron recognized the Warrog immediately. The white fur of this Warrog has changed to black but the horns that he broke are still there. Even the jagged edges of the broken horns are the exact same marks that he caused when broke off the horns during their fight 100 years ago.

"Xigger. What happened to you?" Sauron asked in surprise.

It is the Xigger he knows but they are not the same anymore. First, he smells of blood and death. His fur has changed color. His teeth and claws have also changed colors. They are red just like his eyes. Xigger has also lost some weight. He is thinner and his features smoother. Most importantly, he is a transcendent now. Xigger is not the former pack leader of the Sharp Tooth pack anymore. He is an Emperor now.

Xigger said proudly, "What? Are you surprised? Are you shocked? I am an Emperor now. I shall follow in the footsteps of Emperor Fenrir the greatest emperor. I shall unite the entire Warrog race. Then I shall bring them to victory. But first, I will pay you back for what you did to me."

Sauron was shocked as he listened. Then he began to laugh. He raised his mouth to the sky and roared in laughter. He finds Xigger's declaration to be very amusing.

He pointed at Xigger and asked, "You think you're worthy of walking in the footsteps of the Great Emperor Fenrir? Do you think you can unite the entire race? Do you think you can pay me back for your defeat? You?"

Then he stopped laughing and shook his head. "No. I don't think so. You're too weak to do any of those things. You were a loser back then and you're a loser now. You may be an Emperor, but you're the weakest Emperor ever. You're a disgrace to the great history of Warrogs."

It is safe to say that that wasn't the response that Xigger was expecting. His red eyes flashed in anger. Then he jumped up at Sauron. He slashed at the pack leader with red blade-like claws that glowed in the darkness of the night.

Sauron caught Xigger's arm with a swift movement. He had a strong hold on the arm such that Xigger couldn't free his arm no matter how much he tried.

Then Sauron punched Xigger in the chest.

Xigger was blown away. It felt like he was struck by an explosion. He was sent flying by a single punch. His chest caved in and erupted out of his back and the ground exploded into a cloud of dust where he landed.

Sauron had a sneer on his face. He threw aside the arm that Xigger left with him. Then he began to transform. His body seemed to balloon in size. His jaw elongated and his limbs bent. He became bent so that he stood on all four limbs. He turned into a nightmarish monster with horns and fangs.

Xigger stood up from the ground in shock. He couldn't believe that he was neutralized so easily. There is a large hole in his chest where Sauron struck him. But he wasn't paying attention to it. His gaze is fixed on the transforming park leader. Besides, the hole is currently healing quickly. It was sealed off completely by the time Sauron was done unleashing his inner beast.

Xigger gazed upon Sauron's new form with a look of shock on his face. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. This form is much larger than the one he witnessed 100 years ago.

Chapter 937 The Pleasure Of Violence.

Xigger asked in shock, "How are you so strong?"

Sauron's beast form grinned. It was a feral grin that showed his teeth. All his teeth are sharp canines meant for tearing and only tearing. They sparkled like white pearls in his mouth. So his grin sent chills through Xigger.

Sauron replied, "You're not the only one that progressed over the years. I have also grown. Though your progress is disappointing."

He paused to sneer and said, "You look like an emperor but you are not an Emperor at all. You have forsaken what makes us Paragons. You are a disappointment to your race. I will show you the error of your ways. You will not be able to escape today."

Then Sauron pounced on Xigger. Xigger gave up immediately. He turned to run but it was futile. Sauron caught him quickly and tore into him with his teeth. Xigger was meat and Sauron has many canines. Sauron introduced his teeth to the meat that Xigger is and the expected outcome occurred. Xigger was torn apart. It wasn't a fight, or a brawl, or a tussle. It was a one-sided beating.

It was a beating carried out without an ounce of respect from Sauron. A mana entity dished out disrespectful violence onto a transcendent. He tore Xigger apart limb from limb, again and again, no matter how Xigger regenerated or screamed in pain.

And Xigger did scream. He screamed at the top of his lungs. It was as if he was being raped. The pain he felt as his existence was violated was too much for him to keep quiet about. Sauron's teeth latched onto his body and ripped it to pieces. Those pieces of his body came together and became whole once again. Only for Sauron to rip them anew.

And Sauron enjoyed it. He growled and roared in excitement as he demolished his prey. He experienced a feral glee. It is a vestigial effect from the glorious days when Warrogs gained pleasure from violence. Pleasure thrummed through his body in waves. All he wants to do at this point is to rip and tear Xigger forever.

Ragnarok commented, "So shameful."

The cry that Xigger made is shameful for an ancestral vampire to make. He has never met an ancestral vampire. They are very rare and highly respected. But most vampires that are not mad are refined and dignified. It is because they were formerly elves.

Xigger somehow became a vampire but he is putting the race of vampires to shame. No elegant person should scream like that. Xigger ought to bear the pain and suffering like a noble. Instead, he is screaming

like some maiden being violated. That makes two races that he is putting to shame. The Vampires and the Warrogs.

"So he is not a paragon anymore," Ragnarok observed with disappointment.

Xigger called himself an Emperor earlier. He was wrong to call himself that. The fact that he was a Warrog and now a transcendent doesn't make him an Emperor. He has become affiliated with death and blood while Emperors need a connection to life. So Xigger doesn't have any external boost to himself while Sauron with his boost is able to trounce him as a Mana entity.

Ragnarok wasn't surprised by the outcome of the fight. He was only disappointed. Mana entities have stats between 200 to 1000 while transcentents have stats between 10,000 and 100,000. That means that Xigger is at most 100,000 on a single stat.

Xigger's stats are probably lower than that since he is a young ancestral vampire while Sauron has at least 100,000 because of his 10,000% boost. The boost is just the lowest estimate he gave Sauron. If Sauron had a boost a boost of 10,000% and was also a transcendent, then he would be able to swallow Xigger with one bite. That is the power of a true Emperor.

Ragnarok wasn't the only one to watch the fight. Many Warrogs were alarmed by the screams so they came to watch the show. A crowd formed at the wall of the settlement. They witnessed the debauchery that occurred and they cheered for their pack leader. No one cheered for Xigger. Not even his son.

The regenerative properties of an ancestral vampire worked against Xigger. He didn't die when his head was crushed. Not even when his head was cut off. He had to be killed again and again before he ran out of blood to regenerate with. His pain was unending.

Sauron finally killed him after a lengthy session of chopping him up. Xigger turned into ashes and was scattered into the wind. Sauron transformed back into his humanoid form. His body shed mana like putting off a robe. It was to make him lose the body mass he gained when he transformed into his beast form. He assumed his tall and dashing figure again. You wouldn't suspect that he is capable of turning into a beast.

Sauron spat on the ashes. He said with a sneer, "What a loser."

He is actually shocked and surprised by the vitality that Xigger showed. He has never seen something like that. But he can't display fear in front of his pack.

He thought to himself in relief, "Besides, there is nothing more to worry about. He is already dead."

Then he returned to his peak. He flew up the mountain and away. That marked the end of the fight.

But Ragnarok didn't think so. He shook his head and said, "This is far from over."

They say, when it rains it pours. It is either that this event is a simple and isolated event or it means something more. If it means something more, then the woes of the Iron Fur pack are not over. Things are just getting started.

He looked at the moon again and sighed. "It turns out that the Iron Nail pack is not the only current obstacle and the wood elves are not the only source of trouble in the plane."

Chapter 938 Seek Greatness.

Ragnarok doesn't think that Xigger will give up. Sauron probably doesn't know much about Vampires. If he did, then he wouldn't be so carefree. The iron fur pack has made an enemy of an ancestral vampire. That can't end well.

The Iron Fur pack returned to peace and quiet. They resumed their daily life and were not disturbed for weeks. It was the peace before the storm. Ragnarok thought so and was making preparations for the storm that was to come.

Meanwhile, violent waves surged beneath the scene. The storm that concerns the Iron Fur pack is focused around the new ancestral vampire that the demon God of Carnage created.

Somewhere far below in a series of tunnels is a dark cave. This cave is void of life at first glance. There was nothing in the darkness but the smell of death and blood. But if one could see in the dark, then one would see several figures attached to the roof of the cave.

These figures are upside down with their feet touching the roof. They have dark robes covering their figures and they are unmoving. They attached themselves to the top of the cave because beneath them was a path that passed through the cave. Unaware travelers will pass through the cave ignorant of what hovers above them.

They could be asleep. That could explain why they are unmoving. Or they could be dead. That can also explain why they are unmoving. These people are both dead and sleeping. They are dead during the day so they sleep during the day. They come alive at night. And it is almost nighttime. The sun officially set on the surface and it was then that these people awakened. Their eyes opened suddenly to reveal crimson eyes.

They fell to the ground and righted themselves. Their cloak stayed close to their figures despite the acrobatic spinning they had to do in the air to make their feet touch the ground first. They looked at each other and communicated wordlessly.

"There's only 6 of us."

"Master isn't here. It seems he didn't return yesterday."

"Where is the master?"

They are troubled by the fact that their master is not with them. He is usually with them by the time they wake up. Their master doesn't need sleep as much as they do so he is usually awake by the time that they wake up. They are just new fledglings. Masters don't usually leave fledglings while they are weak.

The 6 of them were confused by the absence of their master. Their confusion only increased when one of them fell to the ground. The one that fell began to shake and toss. They jerked around so that their cloak was removed to reveal a Warrog. A blood-red light began to effuse from the Warrog on the ground. The Warrog's body shifted and changed rapidly. Then the light died down and the figure stood up. It was Xigger that stood up not the one that fell down.

He said to his fledglings, "We have work to do. Follow me."

Then he took off. The remaining 5 followed wordlessly after him. They have so many questions but they don't dare to ask. They used to be Alpha Warrogs so they know the use of discipline and their position in the hierarchy. Becoming a vampire spawn has only reinforced the need to strictly follow the protocols of hierarchy.

Someone higher up the hierarchy in the society of vampires can compel the lower-ranked ones to do their bidding. Xigger is the highest in his lineage. So he can compel everyone in his lineage to do whatever he wishes. That includes using their bodies for his resurrection.

The 6 figures sped through the tunnels and navigated them with expert precision. They soon reached the surface. They came out through a tunnel very close to a certain mountain range. Xigger didn't stop there. He has a destination in mind so he went there directly. He used to be a pack leader in this mountain range so he knows his way around.

"I just need to feed and grow stronger. Then I will be able to beat that Sauron. I have immortality. I can die as many times as needed so I will surely be able to beat him at the end of the day." He said to himself.

That is his current aim. He wants to grow stronger and revisit the Iron Fur pack. He isn't going there right now. He will first look for prey to feed on and strengthen himself. Then he will return when he is confident of his capability of exerting revenge.

A voice spoke to him, "Is this really necessary? You're the first of your kind. You can do better than this."

The voice came from within his mind. It wasn't his inner voice that spoke. It was a different voice from his thoughts. Xigger didn't flinch. He recognized the voice that spoke to him. It was the same voice that offered him a deal for power when he was at his lowest a few years ago.

"I have to exact vengeance. I lost everything. I lost my mates and all my children. I lost my pack. I was made to wander the world like a homeless fugitive all because of that dishonorable Sauron. All my loved ones were hunted and killed. He must pay for what he did to me. One as dishonorable as him should not be a pack leader."

The voice sighed. It said, "Mortals and their stupid aims. You can achieve greatness but you don't try to. Instead, you cling to the loss of the past. Set your mind upon greatness. Let go of the shackles that bind you."

"You promised me vengeance." Xigger insisted.

The voice relented. "Fine. Do whatever you want. Then you must fulfill your portion of our deal."

Xigger promised. "Don't worry. I am honorable. I will fulfill my promise."

The voice laughed. "It's not like you have a choice. My Will will be done whether you like it or not."

Chapter 939 No Use For Regret.

The Voice in his head declared, "CARNAGE will be made manifest through you regardless of your opinion about it."

Xigger's eyes flashed with uneasiness. He gritted his teeth in determination.

"There's no use regretting now." He told himself.

"That's right. Regret is futile at this point." The voice in his head read his thoughts and replied.

He can't regret it now. It won't change anything. He already took the bait of power. It was dangled in front of him at the moment when he needed it the most. He took it and he turned into an ancestral vampire. Now he has to do the bidding of this strange and powerful being.

It loathed him to be under the control of someone else since he was an Alpha of alphas before. Even worse is that his thoughts are not safe from this entity. But he got the power he wanted and he has not yet taken revenge. So there's no room for regret yet. Maybe he'll feel regret after he is done with his revenge.

Xigger can also read the minds of lesser entities so it is not a surprise that the one that calls himself the Supreme of Carnage can read his mind. That's just one of the many prices he has to pay for the power that he received.

Xigger doesn't have any privacy of thought. His mind can also be tampered with. It is not being done now so that he can maintain his sense of self. But it can be done later or when he refuses to fulfill the will of CARNAGE. Any freedom he has now is but an illusion of it.

"What will do you about your descendant that you sensed?" The voice asked him.

"I will take him with me and protect him. I don't know how he managed to survive to this day. But no loved one of mine will ever be in danger again." Xigger promised himself.

The voice inquired innocently. "What if he doesn't want to come with an abomination like you?"

"He doesn't have a choice. I am his father. Sons listen to their fathers."

"Hmm. Sons listen to their father." The voice in his head laughed and mocked him. "But you don't look like his father anymore. He certainly wouldn't recognize you if he had seen you before. You are also not a Warrog anymore. So you would be this strange abomination that wants to kidnap him? Why should he listen to you?"

"Because I am stronger. He must listen because I am stronger than him. Then he will come with me and I'll protect him."

The laughter of the voice in his head increased. It asked him, "How is that different from kidnapping?"

Xigger became irritated at that point. He is both irritated at himself and at the powerful entity he is enslaved to. He wanted to say, "I don't have to explain myself to you."

But that isn't true. So he reined in his irritation and he explained, "It is different because I love him and will care for him. I only mean to do him well. My intentions are kind."

The voice wasn't satisfied. It continued to needle Xigger. "Is that really good for your son? How will you protect him? The surface belongs to the wood elves and the Underdark is full of bloodthirsty beasts who would like nothing more than to have a taste of fresh meat. And he is fresh meat by the very definition of it. You're just a weak ancestral vampire. You don't have the strength to protect him at all. Maybe it is best to leave him alone."

Xigger screamed inwardly at the voice in his head. "I am not leaving him. If I need strength, then I will find strength. If I need more strength then I will find more strength. That's all there is to it."

The voice in his head didn't get angry. It laughed merrily and loudly. It spoke as it cackled, "This is good. I can use this. It is good that you want strength. Strength can only be acquired through Carnage and bloodletting. The will of CARNAGE will be fulfilled. It seems that your descendant will be useful to me after all."

Xigger barked at the voice. "You will stay away from him. You promised you wouldn't touch my descendants."

"Yes. I promised not to act against your loved ones directly or indirectly. But you don't have to worry about me. I am not your enemy at all. By the looks of it, I am the only friend and helper you have in the world. Your enemies are around you and you are all alone in the world."

Xigger snorted and continued his journey.

The voice spoke to him again. "You have to hurry with whatever you're going to do. The wood elves have already sensed you. They have sent a contingent towards this mountain range. They seem to be scouts for now. They are few in number. Then again, they don't need numbers if they have strength. I can't sense anyone particularly strong but I can't be sure. The surface is the domain of that God-forsaken White Bitch."

The voice began to rant. "She can cloak herself and prevent me from sensing her so she might as well be close by silently watching you. Something with so much life should be so obvious to me. It should be like a torch in the dark. Then again, it is entities that have mastered life that can hide themselves very well. I hate that White Bitch."

Xigger nodded absentmindedly as he listened. He ignored the ranting but he took the warning to heart. He might hate his current situation as a subordinate but he has to admit that his boss is very competent.

Warnings like this have saved his life several times. Sauron couldn't put him down for more than a day but there are others out there in the plane that can put him down for much longer or maybe forever.

Chapter 940 The Last Bastion Of Resistance.

This unseen and unknown white bitch that Xigger has been hearing about can also kill him permanently. Something that can rile up the self-proclaimed Supreme can not be taken lightly by him. So he has to be very careful.

The warnings from the voice in his head come in handy for that. Now he knows that the wood elves are already acting against him. He can prepare to either avoid them or fight them.

If not for the rantings and the feeling of having an unwanted visitor in his mind who can read his thoughts, then his boss would be close to perfect. The usefulness of the warnings overshadows the occasional ranting and intrusive thoughts so he will ignore them for now.

Xigger spent the bulk of the night skulking around the mountain range for prey. He was very disappointed. Most of the mountain range has been commandeered by the iron fur pack. He can see the boundary of their territory in his vision. It is a line that he can sense by smell and can ascertain by the occasional piles of skulls used as warnings to intruders.

Sauron has not invited him into his territory so the territory of the iron fur pack is hostile ground. He will alert Sauron immediately if he dares to step into the hostile territory. Then there will be a repeat of yesternight's unfortunate events.

"Goddamn it." He yelled and punched a nearby rock in anger.

The unfortunate target of his anger exploded into shards and dust. Xigger is angry because he can't find prey. He can sense a lot of prey past the boundary but he can't touch them or risk the ire of their protector. He doesn't want to fight Sauron again because another death will only weaken him further instead of strengthening him. That's the opposite of what he aims to achieve.

"Sauron has almost taken over the entire mountain range completely. How did this happen in just 100 years? Is that Sauron so great?" He asked in anger.

Now he knows why Sauron is so strong. He still can't believe it though. He was gone for 100 years and so much has changed. He was a pack leader for more than 200 years and he didn't achieve the amount of success that Sauron has achieved. It makes him feel inadequate and also very angry.

Sauron's success is definitely extraordinary. It is something that can only be achieved through extraordinary means. He would like to know how Sauron achieved it. Unfortunately, no one will answer his question. His fledglings remained quiet and as unmoving as statues. They don't know the answer to his question. This is their first time in the core of the mountain range.

"Fine. Let's keep moving." Xigger ordered with a resigned bark.

He looked at the ice-capped mountains with a determined gaze. "Sauron can't have annexed the entire mountain range. I refuse to believe it. There must be somewhere his grubby paws haven't touched."

They kept looking around the mountain range for more targets on the mountain range. He kept to the edge of the mountain range and avoided the core. Xigger is hoping to find a large pack or at least a pack that has established itself, not some roaming packs of Warrogs. Such a target will provide a lot of food for him.

His search bore little fruit because large packs don't live at the edge of the mountain range. Only struggling packs live there. He had to return to the core of the mountain range and he roamed around the entire boundary of the Iron Fur territory. His search didn't disappoint him because he came upon the last bastion of resistance against Sauron's tyranny. He found the Iron Nail pack.

His eyes lit up with greed when he saw the palatable prey. The fledglings behind him also sensed the teeming life within the settlement. The scent of blood and life appealed to them. They wanted to rush forward and indulge themselves but they held back. They didn't let their bloodlust cloud their judgment. Xigger's presence is very instrumental to their willpower. Without him here to help them keep a leash on their instincts, they will be no different from rabid animals.

"So there is one last place present on this forsaken mountain range that Sauron hasn't claimed as his. This is good. They will be able to hold out against the dishonorable Sauron well enough." He complimented the iron nail pack.

The Iron Nail Pack is well-defended. They are holed up within a mountain that was hollowed out by the pack Leaders working together. It is clear that this pack is very careful and cautious. They don't let the fact that they have several pack leaders go to their heads. Having several Mana entities is good. It should deter Sauron. But what if it doesn't?

The Iron Nail pack has the answer to that question. Things will be very bad if Sauron is not deterred. Their Mana entities are threats to other Alphas and Betas. But they are no threat to Sauron. So Sauron can attack them alone. They outnumber him and can surely resist him but he will be able to escape if he wants.

That means Sauron can come and kill some of them before escaping. He can whittle down their numbers with time until they break. So they dug into a mountain to avoid that. They will be able to defend themselves easily with a literal mountain around them.

There is only one entrance and one exit into the mountain settlement. The entrance is well camouflaged so it wouldn't be easily identified. Xigger would have missed the settlement had he not sensed the scouts and guards posted outside and the sound of hearts beating within the mountain.

"Take out the guards silently. I will gain access to the mountain and go straight for the pack leaders. Kill the rest. You have permission to feed as much as you want after we have gained access to the mountain range. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Count Xigger." They replied.